

The Newest Edition by MischiefManaged97

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Summary:

Billy introduces Steve to a new sex toy. Steve enjoys it.

The Newest Edition

The movie was wrapping up, and a sequel was definitely in order. Steve hadn't liked it, he had found his way to Billy's lap around the first murder. Scary wasn't his thing, but Billy loved it because it gave him a quivering Steve Harrington in his lap. Once the end credits began to roll, Steve turned around to face Billy.

"You like it?" Billy asked, trying not to smile.

"You know damn well I didn't like it, asshole." Steve said, but a smile broke through his pout. He leaned into Billy and kissed him, running his hands up Billy's bare arms. Fuck, Steve loved his muscle shirts. He loved when Billy put his hair up. Billy looked hot as hell, and it was doing things to him.

"You want to take this to the bedroom?" Billy asked, whispering in Steve's ear. Steve shuddered, and nodded. "I got a present for you, baby."

Steve was waiting for Billy to bring up the bag he'd shown up with, but Billy hadn't said anything so Steve didn't pry. Apparently, it was for him though, and Steve was excited. Billy stood up, carrying Steve with him. Steve wrapped his legs around Billy's hips to help. Steve hid his face in the crook of Billy's neck as Billy carried him up the steps. He loved when Billy did things like this, Steve just felt so close to his boyfriend. Billy loved the feeling of the silk and lace Steve was wearing pressed against him, and couldn't wait to get him in bed.

Billy made his way up the steps, Steve's extra weight hardly making him struggle. He pushed Steve's door open, and then kicked it shut behind him. Steve had started to wiggle in Billy's grip, and it was making Billy's cock very interested. Billy walked to the foot of the bed, knelt on it, and then let Steve down to the bed as gentle as he could. Steve had a healthy flush to him, and Billy was struck with just how beautiful Steve was once again. He leaned over Steve, placing his hands next to his head, trapping Steve below him. Steve raised his hand to grip Billy's shirt, and pull him down. Billy met Steve's lips in a searing kiss, one that made him weak at the knees. He could feel Steve's hands run all over his body, even up under his

shirt. The muscles of his abdomen were taunt, the feeling of Steve's wondering fingers causing him to flex involuntarily.

Billy knew this could quickly get out of hand, so he pulled himself back. He looked down at Steve, and left a chaste kiss on his lips. Then his cheek. Billy continued these kisses down Steve's neck, and on his exposed collar bones. Billy sucked lightly on Steve's nipples through the silky fabric, and Steve gasped, arching into him. Billy pulled away almost as quickly as he'd leant in, and grabbed the end of Steve's pretty shirt. Billy began pulling it up over Steve's lean stomach, exposing his chest. He pulled the shirt over Steve's head, and dropped it next to the bed, forgotten until Billy would dress Steve again.

Billy continued his kisses down Steve's body, worshipping him at every curve. Steve propped himself up on his elbows to watch Billy's trail as he went lower, and lower. Billy initially skipped over Steve's shorts, just tugging lightly at the drawstring with his teeth. Billy continued to kiss Steve, all the way down to his ankles, and then back up the insides of Steve's thighs. Steve moaned when Billy sucked at his thigh, just under the hem of his shorts.

"Billy, please" Steve said, panting softly, letting his head drop back, "Please, please, please."

"You begging, baby?" Billy asked, his mouth still just below the hem of Steve's shorts. Steve shook his head no, but stopped himself. He bit his lip, and looked down at Billy.

"Please," He whispered again, blushing bright pink.

"You want to see your present now?" Billy asked, crawling back up Steve's body. He paid quick attention to Steve's nipples, Steve's hips canted up, and he let out a breathy moan. Billy could tell Steve was hard, and knew from experience he wouldn't last too much longer.

"Yes," Steve said, his hands grabbing at Billy's biceps, trying to pull him in for a kiss. Billy let himself be pulled down for a moment, and kissed Steve gently. Steve was already becoming overwhelmed, if the panting and squirming had any say in it. Billy pulled away, and kissed Steve's nose, before making his way back down again.

"Can I?" Billy asked, stopping at Steve's shorts. He dipped his fingers under the waistband, and waited for Steve to look at him.

"Please," Steve said again, and Billy pulled his shorts down slowly. Steve's dick jumped up against his stomach, hard and leaking already. Billy leaned forward, and placed a single kiss at the base of Steve's member. Steve's eyes had a soft fire burning in them, and Billy loved every second of it. Billy noticed Steve's hands were shaking, so he gathered Steve's hands in his.

"Shh, baby." Billy said, kissing Steve's hands, "You're okay."

"Billy, please," He said, as Billy pulled away and felt around under the bed for the bag he'd hidden. He found it and brought it out on the bed. He took out the box, and the lube. Billy began to open the box, and slide the contents out. He put the batteries in the remote, and tested the toy. It began to vibrate, and rock forward.

"What..." Steve said, eyeing the device, "What is that?"

"It's called a prostate stimulator. It's not very big, so it won't hurt, but I bought lube just in case." Billy began, "I'll have the remote, and I can control the vibrations. I'll make it stop if you need a minute to breathe. Do you want to try it?"

Steve looked at the device in Billy's hand. It was about the size of his hand, and it was larger on the top than it was on the bottom. It had two plastic pieces that looped out from the base, and a long wire that connected to the remote Billy was holding.

"I trust you," Steve said. Billy nodded, and began to peel the plastic wrapping off from around the lube he'd bought. Once it was open, he poured some on his fingers and rubbed it until he felt it get warm. The clerk at the store wasn't kidding, the lube turned warm fast.

"Can I?" Billy asked, and Steve nodded, dropping his legs to the side. Billy nudged one finger inside him, and felt Steve jump.

"Oh!" Steve gasped.

"You okay?" Billy asked, pausing.

“I was expecting it to be cold,” Steve said, embarrassed.

“I got this kind special for you. It heats up quickly.” Billy explained. Steve took a deep breath, and nodded. Billy continued to push his finger inside Steve.

Steve clenched around him for a few minutes, before making himself relax. Billy could then fit two fingers inside him, and Steve whined when he pushed far enough in to find him prostate. Billy didn’t want to pay too much attention there, because the toy would do it for him. Billy worked his fingers inside Steve until he could fit three easily, and decided that was more than enough.

Billy pulled away, and began to add more lube to the toy he’d bought. Steve was watching him, and Billy kissed the inside of Steve’s knee. Once Billy thought the toy was lubed up enough, he brought it to Steve’s entrance.

“Ready?” Billy asked, and Steve nodded. Billy began to push the device inside Steve, only finding a little resistance at the very tip of the toy. Steve groaned once it was seated inside him, and one of the plastic loops was pressed up against Steve’s perineum as well. “Does it feel okay? Anything hurt?”

“No, it’s, ah, it’s good.” Steve said, whining as the device shifted and pressed against his prostate. Billy nodded, and settled himself between Steve’s legs, his weight pressing Steve into the bed.

“Okay, I’m going to put it on the first setting.” Billy said, sliding the plastic piece on the remote to the first notch. The reaction was instant, Steve jerked under Billy, and a moan ripped out of Steve’s throat. Billy could feel a little vibration coming from the plastic pressed behind Steve’s balls.

Steve flailed under him, and Billy wasn’t sure what to do, so he turned it off.

“Does it hurt?” Billy asked, worried as Steve panted. Steve was moaning with every breath he took, and shook his head violently.

“No, Billy, please, just—just turn it back on?” Steve said, his voice

was higher than usual. Steve was grinding himself against Billy's clothed cock, and grabbing at Billy's arms. Billy was surprised Steve seemed to like it so much, he was expecting Steve to have to get used to it first, but it seemed like Steve loved it. So Billy turned it back on, and Steve's legs shook and he arched his back. Billy was amazed. He had never seen Steve so aroused.

"Ah—oh, god. Yes! Billy, please... please kiss me." Steve panted, and Billy was too awestruck to do anything but obey him. Steve was moaning deep in his throat, and he gripped Billy's biceps like he thought he might be falling. With every stroke of Billy's tongue into Steve's mouth, Steve whimpered, and would grind up into Billy. Steve had to pull away, and cry out several times, but that only spurred Billy on. Billy didn't think much of it when he turned the device up another notch, and Steve nearly screamed.

The entirety of Steve's small frame was shaking, his legs especially, and it was as if he'd forgotten how to speak. Steve had tried to wrap his legs around Billy's waist, but every pulse from the toy inside him made his legs weak, and they'd drop open to his sides, shaking violently. Steve threw his head back against the pillow, then back up into Billy's neck. Steve was crying out, and whimpering in-between cries. Billy knew Steve wasn't going to last much longer, so he moved one arm behind Steve's head to cradle him, and the other down to stroke him quickly. Steve had already been leaking precum all over his stomach, so Billy gathered that to make the strokes slicker.

"Are you gonna come, baby?" Billy whispered, his voice was rough with arousal. Steve shook his head quickly, and continued his whimpers that drove Billy crazy. Steve sounded on the verge of actual tears. Billy could feel himself getting closer to the edge, but he knew he would last longer than Steve. Steve was arching his back with a cry, then falling back down to the bed only to repeat the process again. A stream of whimpers fell from Steve's lips one after another, and Billy hoped it would never end. Finally, Billy felt Steve's entire body begin to violently shake, and he felt Steve's dick jump in his hand. Steve came harder than Billy had ever seen him, and he released the loudest cry of the night that made Billy feel a little bad for Steve.

"Off, off—turn it off, oh god," Steve said, his body jumping and

trembling. Billy quickly turned the toy off, and stared at Steve like he was a god.

“Are you... okay?” Billy asked, not entirely sure. Steve looked absolutely wrecked.

“Yeah,” Steve whined, “Just... take it out, please... God it’s too much.” Steve said, the toy inside him provided too much pressure against his abused prostate. Any shift in his body made him overstimulated. Billy made his way down, and tried to gently pull the toy out. Steve still hissed as it dragged across his prostate, but was relieved when it was out.

“Fuck,” Billy said, “Fuck—shit, Steve that was so hot.” Billy said, pushing the heel of his hand against his own arousal. Steve couldn’t blush any longer, he was too tired and too flushed already, but he was still embarrassed thinking back to how he acted.

“Do you want me to...” Steve started, glancing at where Billy touched himself, trying desperately not to come in his pants. Billy’s briefs were soaked with precum, but he wanted to keep his pants clean at least.

“No, just—just let me... Can I jerk on you?” Billy asked, and Steve nodded, sliding himself farther down underneath Billy so when Billy came it would mostly be on Steve’s chest and face. Billy panted, pulling his pants and briefs down past his balls. He began stroking himself quickly, knowing an erection like this wouldn’t go away for a while. Steve smirked, and began stroking up Billy’s legs. At one point, Steve began playing with his own nipples. Billy’s mind went blank when he saw that. The slide was slick in his hand, and it didn’t take long until he was coming all over Steve. Billy groaned, and even let out what sounded like a rough whine as he stroked himself through the remainder of his release.

Steve made himself busy, finding as much of Billy’s cum as he could, scooping it up and licking it off his fingers. He knew how much of an effect it had on the other boy. Billy got off Steve, and threw himself on the bed beside him. Billy was exhausted, but Steve looked like he was even more tired. Billy knew he had to get up, and get Steve cleaned up and dressed.

Billy took a few seconds to rest, before tucking himself back in his pants, and walking around the bed to where he'd left all of Steve's clothes. First, he took the discarded toy, and took it in the bathroom to clean. He soaked a washcloth with warm water, and went back out to Steve. He put the toy away under the bed, in the box, then made his way to Steve. Billy gently parted his boyfriend's legs, and lifted Steve's hips onto his knees. He wiped Steve's hole until there was no lube left. Billy folded the washcloth to a clean side before continuing to wipe down Steve's belly, chest and his face. Once Steve was clean, he leaned down and kissed him gently. Steve looked like he was about to fall asleep.

"Alright, you gotta get dressed." Billy said, and Steve groaned.

"I don't wanna." Steve pouted. Billy rolled his eyes, and reached down for Steve's shorts, knowing Steve hated sleeping without pants. He tugged them up Steve's long legs, and eventually got them around his waist with no help from Steve at all. Apparently, Steve was dead weight after an orgasm like he had tonight.

"Give me your shirt." Steve said, and Billy laughed. Sometimes Steve liked to sleep in Billy's clothes, it made him feel safe.

"Fine," Billy said, amused at Steve's request. Billy tugged his muscle shirt off, and pulled the shirt over Steve's head. Steve sighed in contentment as Billy secured the shirt around him. Billy stood, and discarded his briefs before pulling his pants back on, and then climbed back into bed with Steve. He tucked Steve back into his body, pulled the blankets around them and began to drift off, glad that Steve was in his arms.